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*Polycrates.* A fish swallows a ring or gem which is ultimately recovered.

*World-parents* (Welteltern). Earth and sky, the parents of the world, are originally joined as mates; they are separated.

*Sham doctor* (Trugheilung). The hero, in the guise of a physician, kills the injured enemy.

*Old-woman ally* (Hilfsalte).

*Hot-rock missile* (Glutstein). The monster is killed with a heated rock.

*Eye-opening injunction* (Augenöffnungsverbot).

#### *Stucken*

*Pandora's casket.*

*Lemnos.* All the women live segregated from the men (Blackfoot).

#### *Newly proposed*

*Star-husband.*

*Trickster's handicap.* The trickster who has obtained food by his cunning, stakes it on his winning a race against an apparently inferior opponent (*Hare and Tortoise* type). In order to equalize the chances, he weights one of his legs and loses the race.

*Guardian buttocks.*

*Lecherous father.* Coyote and his daughters.

*Disguised flayer.* The flayer disguises himself in his victim's skin.

*Piqued buffalo-wife.* A buffalo-cow married by an Indian is offended by his (or her rival's) actions, and departs with her child for the buffalo-camp, where the pursuing husband is subjected to tests.

In a recent contribution to the *Journal*, Professor Kroeber comments on several of the catch-words suggested by the writer.<sup>1</sup> I gladly acknowledge the justice of his criticisms, with, however, two exceptions. A catch-word *must* be brief, it *ought* to be self-explanatory; and it is desirable that motives varying from the norm, but obviously related in essence, be designated by a relatively slight modification of the *terminus technicus*. *Old Man of the Sea* is long, and requires reference to Sinbad for perfect clearness, which would render the phrase altogether too cumbersome. *Burr-woman* is not only short and unequivocal, but admits of a change to *Burr-man* or *Burr-rock*. As for *Invisible missile*, I admit that the term is not wholly unambiguous, but believe its brevity adequately compensates for the deficiency, in view of the fact that the "much more common shamanistic belief" referred to by Professor Kroeber is not so common as the crucial point on which a story of comparative interest hinges.

*Robert H. Lowie.*

NEW YORK CITY.

A TEWA SUN MYTH. — The following myth was given me by Clara True, white teacher at Santa Clara pueblo, N. Mex., and was obtained by her from José de Jesus Narangho, and again from Francesco Narangho.<sup>2</sup>

Montezuma, the Sue-Boy, had for his mother a poor and despised Indian girl. Every fall the people of the pueblo went to the mountains to gather

<sup>1</sup> "Catch-Words in American Mythology," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, 1908, vol. xxi, pp. 222-227.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards governor of the pueblo.

piñon nuts. The girl and her grandmother lagged behind, knowing that they were not welcome among the others. One day, as they travelled, a beautiful vision appeared before the girl, and asked, —

“Why do you make this journey?”

“To gather piñons,” she replied.

He gave her a nut, saying, “Here is a piñon worth all the rest.”

She took it and swallowed it whole.

“Do not go to the mountains. Turn about and go home,” said he.

They did so; and when they arrived at the house, they found it full of new, strange, white-people’s food and furniture. From that time all their wants were miraculously supplied, to the great amazement of their neighbors.

In time a baby was born to the girl, — Montezuma, the Sun-Boy. The people paid little attention to the lad; but before he was twelve years old he had developed great skill — supernatural skill — with his bow; and he was always better dressed and better fed than the others. The men called him to their council meeting, and questioned him about it. He said he did not know whence he got either the food and clothing or the unusual power.

“If you have the power in yourself, perform us a miracle,” they said; “bring the buffalo.”

“Buffalo will be here to-morrow,” he replied.

The people stationed their best hunters at the four corners of the pueblo with bows and arrows. Montezuma stood on the house-top. Just as the sun came over the hilltops, the sunrise was “dirty with buffalo.”

The buffalo rushed onward and trampled to death the men stationed to kill them. Regarding this as a punishment for their unbelief in Montezuma, the people elected him chief.

That was in an old pueblo where Ojo Caliente now stands.

Montezuma’s rule was so wise that Santa Clara, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Tesuque, Nambé, and Pojoaque put themselves under his dominion. Under him they became rich and powerful.

But at last he began to prophesy changes, — the coming of new, noisy conveyances, and of a strange, all-conquering race. The Indians would be subdued by a people coming from the south.

“We will resist them,” said the people. “Give us your help to drive them back.”

“If you can stand the test I will prepare for you, I will consent to your meeting them with force,” said he.

The test took place at San Juan. He gathered all the principal men about him. Then he disappeared. Presently he reappeared, coming through the trap-door in the roof, strangely garbed, booted, and spurred (like a Spanish cavalier). With him came an assemblage of attendants, similarly dressed; and following these came a company of beautiful women, in queer, gay attire. At sight of all this, the Indians were so terrified that they fell over each other in trying to escape from the house.

Then Montezuma came again in his own person.

“I knew beforehand,” he said, “that you could not endure the test. If you are so terrified by the mere vision of the conquerors, what will you be by the reality?”

“I must leave you now,” said he, “to seek a people greater in strength and numbers. Endure all things, and keep the peace. You will have a long period

of trouble and persecution; then will come peace and prosperity. Some time during the latter period I will return."

He went south, taking with him a wife. As they journeyed, the woman was playing with two pebbles, tossing them up and catching them. Near the boundary of Old Mexico, on the Rio Grande, the pebbles went up, and came down huge boulders. They are there yet.

In the south he ruled over a more powerful people, and now and then the Pueblo people used to hear of his greatness. But at last the Spaniards invaded his domain, and though he met them in person, he could not withstand them. They pressed him so closely that he jumped into a lake and escaped through one of its subterranean passages. No one knows where he went; but he will come again, as he said he would. This is the time of peace of which he told them, and he may soon be here.

Miss True told Francesco that Montezuma had been killed by the Spaniards; and he became greatly disturbed, pacing the floor, rubbing his hair, and vehemently declaring, "It's a lie, a d—d Mexican lie! . . . If you don't believe this story, I can show you the big rocks on the Mexican border. I have seen them many times."

*Clara Kern Bayliss.*

MACOMB, ILL.

A KWAKIUTL FRAGMENT. — Klalis (Whale-on-the-Beach), living near Puget Sound, gave me the following about the thunder-bird.

A man Thunder-Bird, ancestor of all the Thunder-Birds and of the Indian gens of that name, lived on a mountain on the shore of the Sound. When he pulled down the visor of his cap, it became a beak, and he was a bird. When he pushed up the beak, it became a visor, and he was a man. It thundered and lightened all the time in those days, and the people were much oppressed by it.

But the Thunder-Man had children, and he began to fear that they might fall off the mountain and be killed. So he changed his family into birds, and they flew down to the valley to live.

He and one of his sons flew across the Inlet to fish for salmon. The fishing was poor. A man living on that side of the Inlet came to him, and said, —

"What are you doing here? This is my land."

"It is my land, too," said the Thunder-Man.

"You cannot live here," said the man.

"Where shall I go?" asked the Thunder-Man.

"Go up the river, where the fishing is good."

So the Thunder-Man got a canoe and took all his family and his goods up the river; and there he lived, and became the progenitor of the Thunder-Bird gens of Indians. But he sent two of his children back to live on the mountain-peak, telling them never to make thunder except when some of that gens was dying.

Since that time it seldom thunders and lightens around Puget Sound; but whenever it does, one of the Thunder-Bird family dies. And if any one looks up into the sky when it is thundering, he will die.<sup>1</sup>

*Clara Kern Bayliss.*

MACOMB, ILL.

<sup>1</sup> This is the tradition of one of the Nimkish clans. — ED.